



Fy on the W A R S that hurri'd  
W I L L I E from me.

An excellent New Song, *Much in request.*

**F**Y on the Wars that hurri'd Willie from me,  
Who to love me just had Sworn;  
They made him Captive sure to undo me;  
Wo's me he will ne'er return.  
A Thousand Lows abroad will fight him;  
He from Thousands ne'er will run :  
Day and Night I did entreat him  
To stay safe from Sword and Gun,  
I used alluring Graces  
With meikle fond Embraces  
Now Sighing: then Crying. Tears droping fall,  
But had he my soft Arms,  
Preferr'd to Wars Alarms:  
My Soul groweth Mad,  
Its fore oppress'd and sad,  
I fear in my Fit, I had granted all.

I wash'd and painted, to make me look provoking  
Snares that told me would catch the Man:  
And on my Head high Commodore had cocking,  
Which made me look as tall again  
For a new gown I payed much Money,  
Which with Gold Flowers abroad did shine:  
My love well might think me Gay and Bonny,  
No Scots Lass was e'er so fine:  
My Petticoat was spotted,  
Earrings too, with Fringes knotted,  
Lac'd Shoes. Silk Hoes garten'd o'er the Knee  
But oh the fatal thought,  
To Willie these were nought,  
But I'll ride to the Town  
And rattle with dragoon  
And the fillie Low might have plunder'd me:  
F I N I S.